

# » QUEEN'S « UNIVERSITY JOURNAL

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## Queen's University Journal.

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**The Business Manager is in the sanctum daily from 11 to 12 to receive subscriptions.**

All literary contributions should be addressed to the Editor, Drawer 1109, Kingston, Ont.

All communications of a business nature should be addressed to the Business Manager.

LONG has the student public waited for the celebration, in immortal verse, of one of the nearest of our affiliated institutions. The exhilaration of the icy whirl, the skill of those who chase the fleeting puck, the order of those who sit upon the benches, the harmony of two and two keeping time to the upward strain, the glory of it all no uninspired tongue can tell. The tingle, known to every ardent skater, puts the mind in good form. To the general student the rink affords splendid opportunity of recreation, and is worthy the recognition it receives. As a promoter of good digestion, good feeling, good thought, its value is undoubted. Around it cluster many associations to be treasured when the glad and stormy days of college life are gone by.

Our hockey team, champions of Ontario, stand for one set of memories. Hockey is not only a feature of student life at Queen's, but a sport in which Canadians lead the world. It is something to excel in one of the raciest, cleanest and most manly of all games, one which tends to develop alertness, accuracy and grace, as well as strength. The rapid development of the game in Canada, and the way in which many in the United States affect it, is evidence of its worth. A man who can play fast, sure hockey has qualities that rightly command the admiration of his fellows, and clever combination of good play is instructive as well. With us it

is a game which fellows play for the love of it, not merely to win laurels; and so the number who play it heartily is limited only by the ice limit. The charming manner in which the girls handle the sticks, preserving their womanliness intact, augurs well for the future development of woman. In short, the game is very free from the taint of professionalism, undue roughness, and those little evasions which too often result from the determination to win a great game at any hazard. The loss of the football championship last year should teach us that no suspicion of rowdiness can harmonize with the real success of college sport.

Of course it must always be kept in mind that our object here is not merely to enjoy ourselves, even at the rink; and sport should be subordinate to the general work of preparation for after-life. Not that we should postpone living, but as students the ideal should ever be before us. While glad because of the good the rink affords, and mindful of the words, "loaf and invite your soul," we can see no good in general rink-loafing, often smacking of unseemly language. Profanity, in the rink or elsewhere, is utterly unbecoming to a University man.

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"Self-Government" has always been our Senate's policy towards the students, so far as matters of conduct are concerned. So arose the Ancient and Venerable Concursus Iniquitatis et Virtutis, hoary with misty tradition, dignified with fantastic ceremony, clothed with authority all the more terrible because undefined and impalpable. An awful phantom to the evil doer, its dazzling light was only the focused rays of public opinion. From time immemorial it held sway, virtually created anew each year and expiring when unsupported by the power that created it. Now it has taken a quite different stand. Partly for practical reasons, but chiefly to satisfy the understanding, it has become a corporate institution, with a written constitution, its officers representing the whole student body and enforcing law and order by constituted authority.

The change, no doubt, has dispelled all appearance of anarchy and tyranny, but it is so radical that court officials should recognize its significance.

It is now the Supreme Court for all matters of conduct, and appeal beyond it is very difficult, as witness the recent Royal Commission. Therefore it should be conducted on strictly judicial principles as are the regular civil courts. Formerly the jury simply expressed their opinion of the prisoner's conduct as gathered from his demeanor and the testimony of others; now their verdict is the judicial judgment of the whole college, as represented by eight chosen men, and is strictly based on the evidence. Obviously this makes the procedure both difficult and slow. The recent difficulty could hardly have arisen under the old system, for the *moral proof* was clear, though the specific charge was not substantiated by the actual evidence submitted, and so the jury were bound to bring in an acquittal.

This gives the Court great importance. It is the custodian of every student's reputation; if improperly conducted, a standing menace to that reputation. It need no longer seek to maintain its prestige by artificial methods; its dignity is synonymous with justice, and faithfulness to the latter is the only method of preserving the former. On Judge, Attorneys and Jury is laid a great responsibility, which can only be properly discharged when fully realized. The report of the Commission in this respect was clear and emphatic; presented to such a representative and interested meeting it cannot fail to have a wholesome effect, for the present generation at least, on the judicial conscience of future members of the Concursus.

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We welcome into the field of Canadian periodical literature. *Massey's Magazine*, published by the Massey Press of Toronto. *Massey's* is to be a monthly magazine, and the January and February numbers have already been received. The first editorial expresses the unbounded confidence of the managers in the success of their venture, based on their long and successful experience in other lines of publication; their determination to spare no expense to procure the best of everything; to admit nothing objectionable in matter or tone; and, not least, to give all this for a dollar a year, or ten cents a copy. The magazine is superbly illustrated, tastefully decorated, and well printed on fine paper, — a good material foundation for the literary and moral excellence promised by the publishers. No department of Canadian activity is neglected; art, athletics, politics, and industry all find a place in this popular magazine. In the athletic department appears a cut of Queen's 94-95 hockey team, and all the articles are intelligently and impartially written. Among the contributors are Pauline Johnson, Bliss Carmen, Prof. Roberts, Prof. Clark,

Principal Caven, and Mr. J. W. Bengough. So, it may be seen, *Massey's* is fairly representative of contemporary Canadian literature.

It is earnestly to be hoped that *Massey's* will fulfil the mission it has undertaken. We want a bright, popular magazine, within the reach of all, to keep us informed on all that is happening throughout the world; to give us the history of questions which particularly affect Canadians; and to present to us in a cheap form the best that is being produced among us in literature and painting.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

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### LETTER TO THE PRINCIPAL FROM REV. R. CHAMBERS (1866).

**B**OTH Robert Chambers and his brother are missionaries connected with the A.B.C.F.M., in Turkey in Asia. So are MacNaughton and McLachlan (1884). In this time of terrible trial our sympathies must go out to them. The following letter shows that even amid such trials the old *Alma Mater* is not forgotten.

BARDEZAG (Ismidt), February 18, 1896.

MY DEAR DR. GRANT:—

I posted a letter to you yesterday on the state of the country, and now add this on other matters.

I want to express my deep sympathy with you in the loss of dear old Dr. Williamson. How I learned to love him! I was a most immature and inexperienced lad when I entered Queen's. I look back now with wonder and a melting heart upon those days. How considerate my classmates were! How indulgent all my professors! But Dr. Williamson always showed the gentleness of a mother. My heart kindles when I think of the delicacy with which he used to cover my retreat after a failure in recitation, and of the generosity with which he commended any fairly successful effort. Utterly unselfish, single-minded, and an enthusiast, who that came in contact with him could fail to be benefitted by that contact? God be praised for such men; they are indeed "the salt of the earth." I knew Dr. Fenwick as a lad, and have followed his career with interest. You will feel his loss very severely. But perhaps the deepest impression will be made upon the students by the death of Stewart.

I have been glad to see Canada's response to the inconsiderate demand of Cleveland on the Venezuela question. Perhaps she is mistaken with reference to the tone of feeling throughout the States, and is a trifle too sensitive. I think the outcome of this incident will be for the moral benefit and strengthening of both countries.

What an inscrutable dispensation of Providence that England should be isolated and threatened at a moment when the existence of a Christian race, the results of half a century's missionary work, and the whole Protestant organization in the Bible lands are in imminent danger of irreparable destruction! Russia is now the director of

Turkish policy; Russian and French consuls join with the Turkish officials in the attempt to gather evidence incriminating missionaries in revolutionary attempts; orders have been issued for the exclusion of certain missionaries from the land; formal complaint has been laid against me, though, fortunately, the only evidence they have succeeded in gathering is an expression printed in the *Missionary Herald*, where I speak of a certain young man as "a coming man and a patriot." The missionaries' sin is two-fold: they have sympathised with the persecuted Christians, putting their lives and property in danger in order to save some; and they are obnoxious to Russia.

MacNaughton has gone to Erzroom to help my brother. Mrs. MacNaughton remains alone, with her children, at Manissa, that she may be a comfort to the people and that her house may be a refuge for some in case of a massacre there.

I enclose a draft for \$8. Will you be so kind as to hand \$5 to the committee (if there is one) for getting up a suitable monument to the memory of Dr. Williamson: \$1 to the Queen's Missionary Society, and the remaining \$2 to the JOURNAL to cover two years' subscription.

Please remember me to Dupuis and Nicholson. I don't know that there are any others in connection with the College who remember me except Prof. Mowat and Dr. Bell. Please give to them my cordial, filial salutation.

With very best wishes, and with gratitude for all your kindness,

I am, yours sincerely,

R. CHAMBERS.

P.S.—Hundreds of choice people will emigrate from this land in the Spring, unless some unforeseen change takes place in the situation. Can we not turn the tide towards Canada? Has Canada unoccupied lands, with transportation facilities, suitable for fruit and silk culture? Is she not sufficiently in need of wide-awake, industrious immigrants to offer these people favorable terms in the matter of land grants, assisted transportation, and some help to get through at least one season?

R. C.

# SONNET.

And what to me the ceaseless ebb and flow,  
The rage of parties and the cry of creeds,  
The throes of nations swaying to and fro  
Amid the clang of never-dying deeds;  
The evil shadows stealing on the land,  
The vital glories of the dawning light  
Of holy faith and science flaming brand  
Adorning the receding trails of night?  
The stormy sea will ever chafe the shore,  
The streamlet wear the granite in its course;  
The changing earth will change forevermore,  
The soul will ever seek its mystic source,  
And I shall reach some charitable shore  
Where chill nor shade shall vex me nevermore.

A. D. MACNEILL.

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

### TRAINING FOR THE BAR.

THERE is a beautiful passage in the *Republic* where Socrates, who always raises the most interesting and the most difficult questions, asks of Cephalus what account he has to give of the later years of life. "I delight," he says, "in conversing with very old persons. For as they have gone before us on the road over which perhaps we also shall have to travel, I think we ought to try to learn from them what the nature of the road is; whether it be rough and difficult, or smooth and easy." And just as the answer of Cephalus had its own entertainment for his listeners so perhaps we, also, who have gone from college life to the society of other institutions or to the wider life of the world, may have something to say that will be of interest to those who come after us. Our graduates are found in all departments of professional and non-professional life, and each one would have, no doubt, his own message to deliver. But it is intended in the present sketch merely to note briefly some of the features to be met with by one who wishes to study law in the Province of Ontario. It is common knowledge, as some of our judges say, that for graduates a period of three years legal study is required before admission to the bar of this province. This time must be spent as an articled clerk in the chambers of a barrister, and for students living out of Toronto two sessions of about eight months each are to be devoted to attending lectures at Osgoode Hall. Those in the city must attend three sessions. Life in a town office is essentially different from that in Toronto, where the great bulk of legal business is carried on, for in the city is established the central office of the High Court and the Court of Appeal for Ontario. Some of us enter a town office for a while and sleep away a winter filling up at random legal blanks, to what certain end we know not, other than that the client pays our principal, and we hear at the close of the day that business has been good. We nod a cheerful assent and go home to ponder over our text books, finding little in them to add to the joys of living. We turn a page and it reads somewhat in this way: A demands title deeds from B; B refuses to give them up; A takes his gun and raises it in anger, evidently intending to shoot B; but C rushes in and catches A's arm, and B does not die that day. The judge and jury after considering the evidence and thinking over the matter conclude that A is not guilty of any attempt to shoot B. We marvel somewhat, but bravely read on and the next page brings this: A points at B a revolver with some chambers loaded and others not. He pulls the trigger, which falls on an empty chamber.

Here again B is alive and well, but the court says A has been guilty of an attempt to shoot B. All this is beyond our understanding, and we see more clearly than ever before the truth of Chief Justice Brain's remark when he said: "The devil himself knows not the thought of man."

But a year soon passes away and the close of September bids us hasten to Osgoode Hall, there to be more carefully instructed in what Justinian calls "the science of the just and unjust, the knowledge of things human and divine."

A few years ago the Law Society of Upper Canada decided that men presenting themselves for admission to the bar of Ontario were insufficiently trained, and they considered that the rapid advancement of education demanded that students should be more carefully taught. Hence the Law School was established, and a wing was built to the Hall furnishing accommodation for the students. There are three lecture rooms, a small library and reading room, and the teaching staff consists of a principal and four lecturers. There are two lectures daily five days a week, and on Friday afternoons moot courts are held, where a lecturer presides as judge, and students duly appointed as advocates plead the respective causes of imaginary clients. A very important feature of a student's training is that he shall have an opportunity of applying the principles he learns. A profound knowledge of law with a very dim idea of how it shall be put to practical effect has small satisfaction for the client whose injuries demand legal redress. Now while the Law School furnishes certain advantages for the better understanding of book law, it gives little or no chance to become acquainted with practice. Of course it may be said that between lecture hours we may enter an office in the city and pick up our practice there. But the average student finds in this very little satisfaction. Ordinarily he is looked on as a sort of overgrown office boy, useful for carrying papers to and from the Hall, or perhaps for finding someone round the corner, doing generally an office boy's work without his pay. But we do not, after the fashion of Carlyle, deplore the loss of the good old days and the innovation upon the purely apprentice system attempted by the Law School. We do think, however, that the institution could be made of much more interest and profit to the student than it is at present. We see no good reason why it might not be carried on as model and normal schools are, in the interests of the teaching profession. These give their students an opportunity for practical work, which is their strongest feature. So we think something might be done at the school in the way of opening courts, offices and the like among the students and their having all the leading fea-

tures of legal actions illustrated to some extent. We would gladly dispense with two lectures a week, (with all the lectures in some cases) if they could be replaced by hours spent in gaining a knowledge of practice. Indeed, we meet with few students who look upon the Law School as a very notable success, and we think the Legal Education Committee may yet find more than one direction in which improvement could be made. Socially, the place is most difficult to describe. Indeed, it may almost be said of the student body at the Law School that they are not social at all. There is hardly such a thing as college spirit known. It might be in some respects interesting enough to seek some of the reasons why this should be so; but it is feared that already this sketch is out of all bounds, and a rest must here be made. Perhaps our remarks have not been of as cheerful a tone as those which Plato puts into the reply of Cephalus. But we give only our own impressions, which no doubt present but one side of the picture.

LEX.

#### QUEEN'S MEN AS EXPLORERS.

On the 3rd of September last year, a field party in geology and prospecting, under Mr. Miller, was sent out by the School of Mining. Such a plan, though novel in this country, is not new, as field classes are conducted by Columbia, Harvard and Chicago Universities. There is, however, this difference, that while the excursions from these American colleges are made to localities already famous, and necessarily at great expense to the students, that from the School is an exploration of our little known but highly interesting back townships, at a cost ridiculously small.

The value of such a trip is obvious. It makes the study of geology practical; it makes the science realistic; it endues one with the spirit of the subject; it enables the student to make collections of specimens for private study and laboratory work; it gives that training in field geology and rough prospecting methods, which is essential to the locality and development of the mineral wealth of the country. It served a purpose, too, in giving the practical men of the district, with whom the party came in contact, a more definite notion of what may be taken as favorable indications of the presence of minerals in body, and a clearer notion of what constitutes a valuable deposit.

By no means the least end attained is that of exploring this almost *terra incognita* to science. These features have been recognized and commended by the Frontenac County Council. The method of procedure followed was that which the forty years experience of the Geological Survey, in the exploration of Canadian wilderness has shown to be most

expedient. This knowledge of hush travel, though of such importance, is possessed by few, save voyagers. Many land-surveyors, engineers and lumbermen, all of whom claim to be expert woodsmen, are really lamentably deficient in this art. They are ignorant of the little dodges which make it possible to live comfortably with nothing, to traverse the forest with the instinct of a native, but go handicapped by impediment and a guide.

To prevent its becoming unwieldy, the party was limited to ten or twelve, composed of students from the School of Mining, Queen's, McGill, the School of Science, Toronto, besides one or two gentlemen interested in the subject. The equipment for such an expedition is simple, everything being of the light unbreakable kind: tin plates, shantymen's pannican's, rough knives, forks, spoons, sheet-iron frying-pans, tin pails with covers to serve as pots, a mixing pan, axes, packstraps and geological hammers, and the general outfit is complete. Personal effects consist of a change of clothes, a pair of blankets, a haversack and a note-book. For ease in carrying, everything is packed in dunnage bags. Five canoes constituted the means of transport. Through the courtesy of Mr. Nash and the other K. & P. officials, the outfit was shipped in a special car to Snow Road, whence the start was made. From the time the trip was planned till the party landed at Snow Road, they had been advised to procure a guide, as it would be impossible to thread the maze of Frontenac canoe routes without the services of a native. However, as part of the training intended was to be that of exploration, it was decided to travel without one. The car was unpacked and the outfit transported to the banks of the silent flowing Mississippi. Then the first meal was served in camp style. The old stagers lighted the fire and prepared dinner, while the novices tried to make themselves useful in their new situation. When the horn announced the meal prepared, all gathered with alacrity round the festive board—an old pile of timbers. The menu was not elaborate but very choice. All conceded that the pork had a most exquisite flavor, the potatoes were surprisingly delicious, the bread was almost as appetizing as that mother used to make, while the tomatoes—well they wouldn't begin to go round. After dinner the canoes were loaded and manned, and a dash for leadership was made. This point being decided, all settled down to a steady stroke and the enjoyment of their new surroundings. In less than a mile progress was blocked by rapids. The more experienced hands swung their canoes on their shoulders and played into the woods. The trail was rough, and Chawley Whiteducks, who started in his barefeet, soon had reason to repent of his negligence.

Meanwhile the tenderfeet, as tenderfeet always do before falling into line with the orthodox Indian method of procedure, attempted to revolutionize portaging. The innovation now attempted was to wade the canoes up the rapids. The picture they cut struggling with the canoes in the rushing water would have appealed to the risibility of the most confirmed dyspeptic. Though rough and the very first portage it was at last accomplished, and the canoes were once more ascending the river. After struggling a few miles against the current the foot of the Long Ragged chute was reached, and here it was decided to camp for the night. This stop was most acceptable to the novices, who were beginning to feel the effects of voyaging upon the untrained physique. The canoes were lifted out, tents unpacked and thrown up. While this was in progress someone discovered a Jackpine infested with a strange species of bird. Lumbago Joe swore it was an owl. Whiteducks thought it was a noble representative of the American eagle. The gallant captain of the Pinto arrived with his gun to end the dispute. Steadily crawling to the foot of the tree he took a deliberate aim and fired. He claims he saw the fur fly, but Whiteducks holds it was a point blank miss. It was close enough to unstring its nerves, for the bird did not fly away; two or three more shots brought it to the ground, where after a deliberate examination the zoologist of the party pronounced it to be a *Hystrix Porcupinialis Canadensis*, and Whiteducks, who got a quill in his finger while skinning it, supports this position.

The first night was one that will long live in the memory. There were the stories, inspired by the fire until the last ember ceased to glow. It was far too beautiful a night to retire, so we sat on the rocky bank and watched the river sweep along; watched the sailor light of the autumn morn struggle through the trees to dance upon the surface of the water, and listened to the plaintive whip-or-will with startling clearness break the subdued silence of the night. Finally we allowed the sweet music of the incessant ragged chute to lull us to sleep, to dream of elves and fairyland. Early next morn the camp was astir and the wooded banks resounded with the shouts of the bathers. After breakfast we found ourselves confronted with a mile portage to the head of the ragged chute. The packstraps were got out and the mysteries of the "portage act" lucidly explained with practical demonstrations. How many leagues there are in the first mile portage one has ever made, with a heavy load in a boiling sun, none but the initiated can conceive. Some dropped out of line, some fell in their harness. Captain Dead-shot Dick, who scorned the simple method of portaging a canoe, devised a contrivance for carrying

the Pinta, which none but a most expert engineer like himself could have operated. Notwithstanding the portage was successfully made, and the lake above was attacked with a relish hitherto impossible. We crossed the lake, with its granite-girt shores, and stopped for dinner at the rapids at its inlet. While here we were entertained by a half-breed boy shooting the rapid. He stood erect in his little craft, and with calm eye and steady hand guided it through the waters to the lake beneath.

Proceeding, we soon arrived at a deep and narrow chute. The leading canoe hesitated a moment and then dashed in; a few moments' struggle and it was through. Canoe No. 2 decided to lift over; the cautious captain of the Pinta, who came up next, followed suit; No. 4 determined to make a bold attempt, but not heading in exactly the proper angle, was hurled to the rocky side, where its occupants hung on for dear life. Deadshot Dick, though it touched his heart to see the cook in danger, dared not stem the flood to assist. At this juncture Backwoods Ike came up, threw them a line, and towed them from their trying situation. Soon after another long rapids was reached; it was decided to portage the dunnage, but run the canoes. The two most experienced hands entered the Pinta to make the attempt. The rest of the party took up positions along the banks, anxious spectators. Deadshot Dick stationed himself at the eddy, the most trying part of the rapid, in breathless concern for the safety of his craft. She is shoved from shore and her nose pointed up the current, she pauses, then quick hard strokes force her into the rapids; she trembles amid the conflicting forces; she staggers from the foaming surge, but strongly plied paddles press her through; she hesitates a moment before its unsettled waters; will she make it? If she swerves in the eddy she is lost; unless the lightning-like strokes can be maintained and hand be strong and eye be calm, she'll never do it. Deadshot Dick stands with his heart in his mouth, he sees his vessel reel, he sees the mad waters dash over her, 'tis more than he can bear, and with a groan he closes his eye. When again they are opened the Pinta is floating serenely in the placid water above. Camp was pitched at the upper end of this portage.

When all were called, it was found that several were on the hospital list, having succumbed to the change of diet and unwonted exercise. A quantity of wild grapes was discovered of which everyone, especially the invalids who were not in the humor for punishing pork, ate freely. This night again we were lulled to sleep by the music of falling water. Next morning Lunbago Joe, who at home dare not take a complete bath, astounded everyone by participating in the cool, early-morning dip. This proved

so successful that next day his plasters were removed and he was recognized as the most intemperate plunger in the party. Upon resuming our journey we found ourselves confronted by a little lake rather more than a mile long, completely blocked by a "drive" of logs. In this the students had three hours experience in breaking through a "drive." Save a ducking to Backwoods Ike this was accomplished without mishap. From this lake we portaged through a dry chute into Cross Lake, whose wide expanse and granite shores made a pleasing contrast with the wood-banked streams and narrow lakelets from which we had emerged. Here we met a canoe of half-breed hunters, who were after the antlered monarch of the forest. After leaving Cross Lake, a number of short rocky portages followed. They weren't long but that fact was not to be known till the portage had been crossed once, so that the sight of each filled our hearts with dismay. These portages served to impress one important geological fact, that the topography depends upon the geology. Where the watercourse followed the strike of the rocks it was smooth sailing, but wherever it crossed the strike then there were portages and rapids galore. On one of these portages there was an exciting Mink hunt, very exciting so long as the hunt was conducted with geological hammers, but when a gun was procured the sagacious Mink bid us good day and took a trip south for his health. We were now in the long lake which is known by the euphonious appellation of Mud. It was a revelation to us all and convinced the most sceptical that at least one geographical name bore reference to some leading feature in the topography. Beyond all question, the leading feature about this lake was mud, or if it was'n't mud it was mosquitoses.

All afternoon was spent upon its bosom. No one without the experience can conceive of the exhilarating effect of dancing in a light canoe upon the placid mud, or with bow bedecked and paddle festooned, tearing through sagitaria and waterlily at the break-neck speed of an Artic Glacier, while Sol beams down with summer heat. Towards evening there were noticed unmistakable signs of civilization. These were the first seen since leaving Snow Road. Soon a house appeared. With a mighty shout five canoes shot forward and a royal race for shore began. But it was a case of the last being first, for the forward canoes stuck on a mud bank and came sheepishly in, when the other canoes were ready to start with a supply of farm produce. We were told that the city of Ardock lay three miles before us, and it was determined to camp there that night. After paddling three miles we came to a pine-covered point, which promised a good camping spot, and so a halt was made.

# POETRY.

## A MODERN VERSION OF AN INGOLDSBY LEGEND.

FOUND AMONG SOME MSS. BELONGING TO THE  
POETESS OF THE LEVANA SOCIETY.

"And gladly would she learn and gladly teach."  
—Chaucer (Prologue.)

**A**BOUT fifteen years ago this spring  
Some grave and wise men met  
In council, called to hear each other talking,  
Of changes new they thought about promoting  
Within the college halls. And tho' some did cling  
To ways and customs old, and were heard remarking  
In solemn tones:—This ruin to Queen's would bring!

The changes came, and no regret

Has reached our ears

Thro' all these years.

For it met with applause and was loudly cheered

Whenever, wherever, the news appeared.

And far and wide

Her good friends cried—

Hurrah for old Queen's; who has led the race

In movements new, let who will keep pace!

And may her domain

Grow with her fair fame,

And never a loss, but every success

Be hers, while the earth revolves on its axis.

Now the change that took place

Started in when the face

Of nature beamed and blushed at the earnest embrace

Of Autumn winds—the Fall,

I mean—when students all,

From near and far, the big and small, the short and tall,

With note and text-book laden arms to college hie,

To taste the sweets of knowledge; or, on the field to try

Their prowess in the art of kicking far and high.

But now, alas! they must with contemplative eye

Watch the change and its effect; be ready to defy

Encroachment on any of the privileges they enjoy.

But helas! no change they see, John hammers, as of old,

the gong,

But, at the sound,

They turn around

And spy—two maidens walking with downcast eyes along.

Now maiden one was tall and slim,

And maiden two was fair,

But the students thought, dear, whose afraid of them!—

'Tis not worth the bother,

Nor one nor the other

Our prizes will take, the tall or the fair.

Now some people might think it was pretty hard luck

To have two strangers—two females—with sufficient pluck

To compete with the men in subjects so deep

As botany or geology,

Chemistry or zoology,

Not to mention classics,

Or to speak of physics.

They'd surely stop, give up, when they'd peep

Within the secrets of philosophy,

Or mathematics or astronomy.

But nothing daunted these maidens fair,

No matter how deep the subjects were;

They nor faltered, nor wavered, but studied with care,

And never forgot their first intention

Of trying to win

A real sheepskin,

The goal on which they had fixed their attention.

And to find how they stood in the final exam,

Just take a look

In the calendar book;

The page! oh dear, how forgetful I am!

So I may as well tell

How one day it befell,

'Twas a day in the spring

That the identical thing

That was declared would ne'er happen just came

To pass, when the men least expected it,

For such an idea, they had scornfully rejected it.

Now, there is no doubt

They were quite put out,

Altho' to confess it they would never consent.

When the fourth year had passed,

And the exam. lists were classed,

They found to their utter astonishment

That a maiden's name

On the first list came,

And after it the words "gold medal"—the same

They'd exclusively cherished for years—in Latin and  
Greek.

She had taken the prize

From under their eyes,

From under the very nose of the boys;

They looked, and looked too dumb-founded to speak!

Now the example of the maiden slim

And that of the maiden fair

Was voted good by their sisters in

The schools both near and far;

So the very next year more maidens walked

Thro' the halls with downcast eyes, and talked

In muffled tones, or whispered of some point that balked

Their understanding. Still crept close up to the wall

As they feared that if walking in the centre of the hall

They might be jostled about, might slip, might fall,

But so such fall e'er came, and with numbers grown

Assurance grew, till to the winds were thrown

Their foolish fears.

These later years

Have shown the result of the changes made

That spring long ago,

Fifteen years or so;

And pronounced good

That intellectual food

Should be given to those who so want it—man or maid,

To whoever can pass the exam., pay the fee—

Nor ask: "What should a woman want with a degree?"

Now of all the girls

With straight hair or curls,

With blue eyes or brown,

From in or out of town,

Who have passed their exams, have taken their degree,

And carried off prizes, I've no time to tell, for you see

"Time flies" a le roet

And 'tis now we know it.

Does, with our final exams fast coming on,

When our sheepskin is to be lost or be won.

So, according to the constitution

Of this illustrious institution

Called Levana—a society formed for the benefit

Of the student girls who pay their fee and take an interest

in it,

I will, without delay, my little tale tell,

And sing the virtues of the girls who farewell.

Now be it understood

The girls are all good,

And teeming with virtues I can't begin to relate,

So numerous are they, some are grave, some sedate;

Some are real quiet, and some, in a perpetual state

Of study, to give to their brains added weight.

And some are as gay as the birds in the spring time

That carol so gaily and have a real good time,

While studies, and cares, and exams, and the rest

Sit on them lightly as down on the robin's breast.

'T would be a shame and a sin

If I did not begin

With the girls we affectionately call the post-mortems,

Which means simply this, that they so love the din

And the bustle of Queen's they can't bear to leave them

For the larger life  
With its greater strife,  
With its lack of sympathy and keen competition  
For a living, no matter how small the position,  
No matter how trying should be every condition.

So first on my programme  
Our Vice-President I am  
Going to put, Meek as the flower which gives her her  
name,

And which owes to its modest appearance its fame;  
The *Violet* blue  
And purple too,

I've gathered them oft, so know I speak true.  
There are two kinds—the English grow tall,  
While the American ones are wondrously small.  
Then come two girls with the very same name—  
Edna and Agnes—the like name is the surname;  
But how different are they—the one is a lover  
Of mathematics, and with physics a rover,

The other Albani,  
Or Nilsson, or Patti  
We call her, just as she happens to strike the hearer,  
And the oft'n'er we listen the oft'n'er we would hear her.

Then comes bonny Kate,  
Filling with moderns her pate.  
I wonder, now, could she be any relation  
To the man who discovered the blood's circulation,  
Or is it only a trifling coincidence,  
That their names should be like, of knowing I make no  
pretence.

And of the post-mortems, on my list she's the last one,  
That is, I think so, I do hope that I've missed none.

And now for the others who hope to be  
Called up to the platform and given a degree.  
There are, but no matter, I'll take them by rote,  
And to each one a number of lines I'll devote,  
For I could not pass by  
Such virtues, not I.

Like some bodies do, with never a glance  
To see how some virtue other virtues enhance,  
And on my list a dignified demoiselle  
Appears first of all, and with her the spell  
Of her indomitable will, which thro' great provocation  
Has carried her on to gain her chosen vocation,  
Which she fondly imagines is that of a teacher,  
But which, *they say*, is an aid to a preacher;

But we'll wait and see  
What the finale will be  
When *She* takes her degree.  
And pass to the name that follows next  
And which furnishes our tale with a very good text;  
But unlike Martha of old,  
Who worried, so 'tis told,  
Over many a thing.

Just to pass in the spring  
Is the only question to cause any worrying.  
And our Martha never goes trouble a-borrowing.  
And now comes her *Grace*  
With leisurely pace

And a dignified air, but who wears in her face  
The warm spirit and smile of the McIntosh race.  
Then another maiden of highland extraction;  
Who hockies and studies, does both to distraction;  
And who, the school of pedagogy passed,  
Is making physics, sweet physics, her last

And final examination  
Previous to her decoration  
With the degree  
Of capital A.B.  
To be writ after the name,

Of Miss Katie McLean.  
The next one, looks wise

Thro' spectacled eyes,  
Nor like the man in the story, are the rims tortoise-shell,  
But plain gold,—nothing else would become her so well;  
In the study of Biology,  
Or any other ology,  
She is the only

Girl from our Society.  
Ah! here comes one from a far eastern town,  
And dear! how she's grown since she first donned her  
gown;

But her eyes are unchanged—and brighter by far,  
As they sparkle and dance  
With every glance,  
Than the beautiful, the much lauded evening star.  
And if Renfrew can show  
More eyes with the glow

Of our Jennie's—we should just like to know.  
And next is a girl who in Polycon and Philosophy  
Is doing her best, sure to win—so the girls prophecy,—  
And her name, I believe it is due to the fact,  
That her forefathers showed the very good tact  
To build them a domicile at the head of a lake—

To build at the foot is always a mistake.—  
And as names in those days,  
Either of blame or of praise,  
Stuck forever,  
Changing never,

They called him the man at the head of the lake;  
But too long they found it,  
So wandered around it,

And called him the man at the lake head,  
Or *loch*, as the Scotch say, making it Loch-head.

And next comes another Kate,  
And if I calculate  
Correctly, that makes three  
Kates going up for a degree.  
From far Orillia  
She wandered down to

Queen's College, in the fair City of Kingston,  
And declares by no college can Queen's ere be beaten.  
And on my list her's is the last name to rhyme,  
And brings to a close my tale for this time.

Now while under the spell,  
And before you farewell,  
To each one we'll drink a very good health—  
We wish you all happiness, husbands and wealth.  
But in single blessedness should you prefer to live free,  
Our good wishes still follow—where'er you may be,  
Or whatever your sphere,  
Good luck and good cheer,  
God bless you hereafter and God bless you here!

H. S. D.

#### MELANAGOGUE.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year  
And Convocation Hall is thronged with Medicals so  
'queer'

Heaped on the matting and the floor the wasted quids  
lie spread,

And every hope that rests on cribs is haunted with a  
dread.

And through the halls a stillness reigns, a silence deep  
as death

The guilty loafer dreads his fate and walks with 'bated  
breath,

Or to his studious classmate runs and frees himself from  
blame.

Then borrows Essay, Lectures, Notes without a trace of  
shame.





**F**REDERICK POLYMETIS INSTANT is a man who thinks much and says little. Although he is, and has been, a prominent and enthusiastic (as far as he can enthuse) member of '96, he is not very well-known in college halls, owing partly to a year's absence, and partly to his excessive silence and solemnity. His silence cannot be due to bashfulness, for we remember on one occasion meeting him with a lady—a lady student too. But he is extremely modest and diffident, and only reveals himself to his intimate friends. To these favored few, however, he is a gold mine of wit and wisdom, an amiable and social comrade and all round good fellow.

Seven years ago there arrived in this city a diminutive subject of the Mikado, who took to our western civilization as a duck takes to the water. After a brilliant course in the K. C. I. and the K. U., he entered Queen's in the fall of '93, and by natural affinity gravitated into the ranks of '96. As a linguist he is without peer in any Canadian seat of learning, having command of Japanese, Chinese, Gaelic, Dutch, English, French, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and (street) Arabic. He knows the stars as well as if they were Japanese colonial possessions, and is not ignorant of the other sciences. As secretary of the A. M. S. and of his year, he has decorated the bulletin board with incomparable works of art, and the unique design at the top of this column bears testimony to his skill. He finds relaxation from his studies in painting pictures, playing the flute, writing Chinese poetry for the edification of Hop Lee, winning chess tournaments, conducting snowshoeing expeditions, and calling upon the ladies, although he persists in declaring himself in at least six different languages, a woman hater. His disposition is as even and sunny as his genius versatile, and nobody envies him his wide popularity. Not for the purpose of further identification, which is unnecessary, but for mere form's sake we add that the subject of the above sketch is Mr. Toshi Ikehara, from the land of the Rising Sun.

"A better preest, I trowe, that nowher noon is."

Among the solid men of '96, none stands higher in the estimation of his fellows than Rev. R. Bamforth. Temporarily forsaking the itinerancy, he went into retreat at Queen's in the fall of '92, and found his surroundings so congenial that his conference has not been able to persuade him to forego a full four years here. This year he has found time to devote some of his wisdom and energy to the guiding and restraining of wayward students, and as sheriff of the C. I. et V., he has inspired such a wholesome dread in the hearts of freshmen that they wont rent rooms in the same block. It is said that they even avoid passing his house at night after the curfew rings. He is Valedictorian of his year, by unanimous request, and after performing that part he contemplates a trip across the herrin' pond to interview Joe Chamberlain, colonial secretary, with a view to securing magazine rifles for the constables of the concursus. We hand him back to his Methodist brethren with the above label from old Geoffrey Chaucer, subscribed to by every man in '96 and every lady in the city.

#### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Fal.—"My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about."  
Pist.—"Two yards and more."

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! My name is S. A. Woods and as ex-crier of the C. I. et V., I surpassed my own grand expectations. By my thrilling tones the freshmen, from the cave of their ignorance, and the fogs of their dullness, and the pestilential fumes of their political heresies, realized that the court was licking its gory chops and reaching out for combustible material, and so began at once to learn its signs, grips, passwords, signals, etc., etc., marriages, baptismal, and funeral services, much to their spiritual benefit. I am a student of no mean proportions—I mean in circumference. I came to Queen's to learn to be a man; I have done it. (?) The professors love me because I am a hard worker and never slope classes. "In talko" I was one of the mighty scrimmages of '96, and goal-keeper in hockey, but "in flesho" I never desired glory in either sphere lest my fragile form should be crushed. I was always a lover of college sports and had much college spirit. I stood up for the rights of my year, and some of the divinities think even yet I have designs upon them. My jolly nature and boisterous hilarity will be long remembered. May I live long to do honor to my Alma Mater!

Charlie Fortescue is English you know, and if you don't know just look at him, or, better still, hear him and be convinced. Charlie is an ardent sportsman. Though not particularly robust, he plays

foot-ball like a hero; and as star forward of the Bluejacket's hockey team, he is invincible. He is also a tower of strength on the Kingston cricket team. But it is not only as an athlete that Charlie shines; he is a dead shot on examinations, a vocalist, a society (ladies') man, and a zealous and loyal son of Queen's in general, and of '96 in particular, whose members remember with what distinguished ability he filled the office of antiquarian.

William Lloyd Fee belonged at one time to the class of '93. Advanced views on the subjects of courtship and matrimony elevated him to the dignity of '96, and we have heard that he seeks still higher rank and purposes taking an honor course in Philosophy before entering Divinity Hall. While never neglecting the emotional side of his nature, he has at the same time been diligent in cultivating the intellectual and along linguistic lines, we have no more capable student at Queen's. His honesty is proverbial and condemns with equal warmth a Xmas. slope in Philosophy, and a systematic crib in Hebrew. As a preacher he is orthodox and forcible and will ornament the profession when his college days are past.

"His head was balled and shone as any glas."

Robert Demosthenes Burton is known as the Old Man Eloquent. The epithet "old," however, has been given him rather by reason of his venerable appearance than as due to his count of years. Mr. Burton, who has filled with great credit the president's chair in the Y. M. C. A., has been quite a prominent figure in college life during his whole course, and is perhaps the most brilliant orator in Queen's. Notably during the past session he has performed the duties of Chief Justice with a marked degree of impartiality and fairness, and his conduct during the recent disturbed sitting of the venerable court has won him the lasting gratitude of all right thinking students in Queen's. He has been a very successful student and one who will, beyond all question, be very successful in his chosen sphere of labor. Mr. Burton, who has always been a great favorite with the members of Divinity Hall, purposes entering that august body of saints next session. He will be eminently fitted for the position of Archbishop, as his constant meditations on higher things have given him an appearance that will carry great weight in that exalted position. For even already his meditations have so affected him that his head is even now like unto heaven, in that it is a bright and shining spot above, where there is neither dye(ing) nor parting.

W. Cram has been specially written by Chaucer for a former number. He is one of the best men in the year.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

### ALMA MATER SOCIETY.

At the regular meeting of the A.M.S. on Saturday evening, March 7th, a communication was received from a joint committee of the Arts, Theological and Science faculties, asking that as the funds for the support of the reading room were supplied by the students of these faculties of Arts, Theology and Science, and not by the A.M.S. as a whole, that this society refrain from appointing a board of curators of the reading room to succeed the present retiring board, and that the chairman of the retiring board be requested to hand over all books, documents and monies in his possession at the time of his retiring from office, which he holds by virtue of his office, to the chairman of the new board, when that officer shall be duly designated to him by the executive heads of the societies represented on the said new board. Notice of motion was given that this request be granted.

The report of the curators of the reading room was received and the report of the JOURNAL staff for 1894-95 was adopted.

At the conclusion of the business part of the meeting the society was addressed by Messrs. Baker, Burnett and Hoppins on the question of single tax. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to these gentlemen for their able contribution to the interest of the meeting.

Last Saturday night the request from Arts, Theology and Science, re the control of the reading room was granted. The report of the Committee of Judges in the Queen's College song competition was, on motion, referred to the Song Book Committee, whose semi-annual report will be given at the last meeting of the society in March.

Notice of motion was given that the bill from E. J. B. Pense be paid, and also that the treasurer be instructed to procure copies of all bills owing by the society before the end of the academic year.

A motion was brought in and carried unanimously that the society make a grant of \$20 towards a fund to procure memorial portraits of the late Drs. Fenwick and Saunders to be placed in Convocation Hall, and that the grant be paid to the sec.-treas. of the committee of the Esculapian Society appointed for the purpose.

A motion will be put to the society at next meeting, due notice having been given, instructing the Athletic Committee to secure estimates of the cost of laying out a lawn tennis court on the university campus and to report to the society.

Notice of motion was given at this meeting re the securing of a memorial tablet for the late Dr. Williamson, to be placed in Convocation Hall.

An open meeting of the A.M.S. will be held next Saturday night, when the Banjo and Glee Clubs, together with other talent, are expected to furnish an excellent programme.

The President will deliver his address to the Society on Saturday evening, March the 28th.

#### ARTS SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the society on March 10th, several amendments to the constitution were adopted. The committee on the communication of '98 regarding the Concurus reported, finding fault with the view of the case taken by the court and counselling the senior prosecuting attorney to be more careful in future. The report was adopted without discussion.

#### HOCKEY AMONG THE LADIES.

Few events during the session have created greater interest in college circles than the recent hockey matches between teams chosen from among the young ladies of Queen's and the young ladies of the city. Both teams were organized early in the season and continued to practise ever since. The practices were conducted quietly, however, and none but the most enthusiastic hockeyists knew much about the kind of game the ladies were capable of playing. The announcement that the two teams were to meet to settle the greatly debated question of their respective merits was received with delight.

The date chosen was the 4th of March, and when the teams took their positions upon the ice the *Morning Glories* from Queen's were noticeably heavier than their opponents the *Black and Blues*.

Each team had about an equal number of sympathizers among the audience, which was more than usually enthusiastic.

The clever stick handling of the players was a surprise, and the rapidity of their rushes called forth repeated peals of applause. It would be difficult for even an expert to determine which team excelled the other in these respects. Victory, however, was the prize of the *Morning Glories*; but the close score of two to one left many in doubt as to which team was really the stronger.

A return match was arranged for the 10th of March, and the success of the former one suggested to the philanthropic hearts of the players the idea of charging an entrance fee to be donated to the general hospital funds. In this they were eminently successful, for they were able to hand over to the directors the handsome sum of over \$60. The game itself was even more interesting than the former one, as both teams had profited by their first experience. The *Glories* strove hard

to retain their supremacy, but were unable to prevent their rivals from more than evening up the score by 4 to 2. The question of superiority is therefore yet unsettled, as in hockey this is decided by a majority of victories and not by a majority of goals.

Some days ago there was a rumor that a team from Ottawa would visit Kingston in order to play a representative team of the city or college, but recently nothing has been said of this. Both in Smith's Falls and Ottawa, hockey has become very popular among the ladies, Ottawa having no less than three teams.

In the east the *Alphas* of Ottawa are champions, having defeated both the other local teams and the Smith's Falls team. They appear on the ice in very pretty uniform costumes, consisting of white skirts, red jerseys, with the letter A on the breast, and white Tam-o-shanters.

#### THE LEVANA SOCIETY.

The farewell meeting of the Levana Society took place on Wednesday, the 12th of March—by far the largest ever held. Those who came from curiosity, irresistibly attracted by the tempting programme sketch, will not soon forget the meeting. The president, on entering, was greeted as only girls know how to greet, without any of that dust-raising or heel-scraping considered so essential by the sterner sex, and yet with as much warmth and appreciation, notwithstanding the absence of a deafening racket. The programme was opened by a glee entitled, "Once again we greet you all," and then the president arose to give her farewell speech. It was concise and practical, with much good advice to those who hope to be in these halls next session, and many good wishes for those who hope, even more fervently, they will not be. Miss Gordon was then called upon to read Frank Stockton's "Lady and the Tiger," which she did with great expression and most prevaricating coolness, considering the tantalizing tardiness of the author, who, even at the last, cannot explain the fate of his hero and heroine. The screens were then drawn aside and a bright little dialogue was given,—the opinions of seven modern young women on what they would do under the circumstances of the poor princess in the story just read. These parts were well sustained by Misses Anglin, McDonald, Donovan, Youngson, Malone, Ryckman, and Stewart. The chief point in this spirited dialogue was, that clever as these up-to-date young women were, no two were quite agreed as to how they would have acted, and the audience was left with a very humiliating sense of its own stupidity in not being able to find out, after all the elaborate explanation, what each would

really have done under the circumstances. The Glee Club furnished the next item—a parting song, both words and music composed for the occasion. Then came the historian's speech, which was altogether a unique affair. It was represented by a letter, read as coming from the goddess yclept "Levana," the patron saint of our Society, in which she expressed her satisfaction in regard to the work of her devotees, especially mentioning the decoration of her shrine. She was not without a word of rebuke to those mortals who dared desecrate it with waste paper and frivolous talk, but on the whole we seemed to have pleased her Sainted Majesty, and she has given us each (metaphorically) a pat on the head. Then came what was really the feature of the evening, the poem in which the post-mortems and others were told face to face, for the first time, what others thought of them—and judging from their expressions they all more or less enjoyed the experience. The critic's report came next, condensed as far as possible, as the hour was past. As she finished, the time-worn strains of "Auld Lang Syne" fell on the ear, and a circle of forty-five girls clasped hands in farewell fellowship. It was a fitting close to those meetings which, throughout the session, have sought to keep alive the social element in the heart of every true girl of Queen's.

On the 26th of this month there will be a meeting for the nomination of officers for the following year.

#### Y. W. C. A.

The session is drawing to a close and every moment is precious as regards work, and yet we are glad to note that none of us are too busy to come to the weekly meeting and gladden with presence and song the heart of the speaker of the hour. On the 28th of February, Miss Henstridge led the meeting on "Consecration," and emphasized the necessity for a high ideal in life and strength to reach it. The following week a song service was led by Miss Griffith, and, as usual, proved a most enjoyable and instructive hour. Besides the hymns, there were rendered two quartettes and two solos, and the leader read a most interesting paper on music.

#### NINETY-AND-NINE.

'99 held another of its pleasant fortnightly reunions in the senior philosophy room on March 12th, with the president, Mr. W. Purvis, in the chair. The programme consisted of a "patriotic" song by Mr. W. J. Saunders; a recitation by Mr. H. Black; the reading of the '99 Journal—a very interesting item—by its editor, Miss Norval McDonald; some verses by the class poet, Mr. W. Tandy, and the report of the critic, Mr. T. Kennedy. To the president's question, "Shall this be the last meeting of the session?" the response was a unanimous "No."

#### CRUSHED STRAWBERRY.

THIS IS THE  
DIVINITY HALL  
MAN AS HE APPEARS  
AFTER BEING SO SEV-  
ERELY SAT UPON  
IN THE LAST  
NUM-  
BER  
OF THE JOURNAL. IT IS  
NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT HE FEELS  
QUITE AS FLAT AS HE LOOKS. HE HAD  
FONDLY SUPPOSED THAT PIE FACE-  
DNESS WAS NO MORE AND THAT  
JESTS MIGHT BE MADE IN PUBLIC  
AND PRAYERS BE SAID IN THE  
CLOS ET BU  
THE IS NOW  
PENI TENT  
AND SAYS IF ANY-  
THING IS TO BE SAID ON THE  
STREET CORNERS LET IT BE PRAYERS.

The Divinity Hall hockey team, though only organized this session, has been making violent efforts to do itself justice and to uphold the honor of the hall on the ice. At first, of course, the members of the team could not do much toward the latter, finding it quite enough to hold *themselves* up, but they are rapidly improving. First they fell victims to '98. After that '97 wanted to beat them, and did it, but they had to work hard. Since that match they have met the Science Hall team three times, the first match resulting in favor of Science Hall and the last two being draw games. The members of the team attributed their inability to win to the fact that the members of Divinity Hall have failed to support their team with the unction of their presence.

The Presbytery Examining Committee interviewed some of us this week. So far no accidents are reported.

A notice appeared on the bulletin board this week, requesting students who had not forwarded the prescribed exercises to the Presbytery to do so at once, and just below we noticed a line stating that "extra copies may be had at the sanctum at 5 cts each."

Mr. Niphal Fl-tch-r, who has been indulging in some original Hebrew research, has arrived at the conclusion that if the husband and wife are *one*, the Hebrew woman must have been the one, because in Hebrew things which go in pairs are feminine!

Here is an extract from a freshman's notes of a lecture on homiletics: "Have a plentiful supply of good clean cambric handkerchiefs and make a proper use of them."

Science is the handmaiden of theology. The glory of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration was explained to us last week in the light of the recently discovered X rays.

# THE BANJO CLUB ABROAD.

The members of the Banjo Club, through the kindness of Rev. J. J. Wright, B.A., enjoyed a short trip last week to Mallorytown and Lyn, where they gave entertainments under the auspices of the Presbyterian congregations of those places, on Friday and Saturday evenings, 13th and 14th inst. The audiences at both places were large and appreciative and the boys were most hospitably entertained. Mr. R. F. Hunter, B.A., and Mr. I. G. Harper accompanied the club as elocutionist and violinist respectively. To these gentlemen, as well as to Rev. Mr. Wright and Dr. Lane, of Mallorytown, Messrs. McNeish and Cummings, of Lyn, who entertained the club by a couple of sleigh drives, and to Miss Cummings, who assisted with the accompaniments, the members of the club are deeply grateful for the assistance they rendered in making the trip enjoyable.

## Y. M. C. A.

On Friday, March 6, the annual meeting of the association was well attended. The devotional meeting was conducted by N. Purvis, who read an interesting paper upon the prescribed subject "True Religion." President Burton then took the chair and presented his report, advising organization for Bible study. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President—Jas. Wallace.  
Vice-President—D. L. Gordon.  
Recording Secretary—A. O. Patterson.  
Corresponding Secretary—G. A. Edmison.  
Treasurer—J. D. Byrnes.  
Librarian—F. Miller.

Treasurer Gordon's report showed a depletion in the treasury from last year, owing to the reduction of the membership fee, and consequently he suggested a return to the former fee. J. H. Turnbull presented the report of the Musical Committee, J. R. Fraser of the Programme Committee, C. Campbell of the Religious Work Committee, W. J. Herison of the Hand-book Committee, D. A. McKenzie of the Devotional Committee, J. W. McIntosh of the Membership Committee. These reports show satisfactory progress in the various departments of the association's work during the past year. President-elect Wallace took the chair and thanked the association for the honor it had just conferred upon him and expressed his sense of the responsibility accompanying the office.

We feel that the management of the affairs of our association is in competent hands and bespeak for the new executive the hearty support and co-operation of all interested in the good work.

D. McG. Gandier was the leader of the meeting held on the following Friday. The subject, "Citi-

zenship," was dealt with in a thoroughly practical manner. Instead, he said, of being an evil legacy, or a millstone about our necks, as some would like to make it, the state was the minister to us for good, for the satisfaction of our physical, mental and spiritual needs. As college men, our duty was to play our part in perfecting it, so as to make it easier for men to do right and harder for them to do wrong. Messrs. Fraser and Conn followed with brief remarks upon the subject. The attendance was large and a profitable hour was spent.

## Q. U. M. A.

The regular meeting was held in Divinity Hall at 10 a.m. on Saturday, 14th March. President Gandier occupied the chair. The treasurer's report was very encouraging. It showed a balance on hand of \$8.34, a most unusual thing at this season of the year.

The principal business transacted was the reception of reports from the executive regarding the fields for the coming summer. The following are the names of the fields already selected and the men appointed to them: To St. Joseph's Island, Robt. Burton; to Hargrave, Man., Jas. S. Watson, B.A.; to Trail, B.C., A. McMillan; to Estevan, Assa., T. R. Wilson; to Parkisimo, Man., J. H. Turnbull. In addition to these another field, not yet selected, is to be taken up, to which Jas. Wallace has been appointed.

The subject of organizing a Chinese mission in the city was discussed at some length, but no definite action was taken. It is hoped, however, that at the opening of next session this work may be taken up.

The annual meeting for the receiving of reports and election of officers will be held in two weeks.

## PERSONALS.

Rev. E. J. Etherington, B.A., a graduate of Queen's, has resigned his charge of the Episcopal church at Sunderland, and has accepted the principalship of the Collegiate Institute at Rothsay, N.B.

*The Athletic Life* for March contains an excellent portrait of J. McD. Mowat, B.A., accompanied by a readable sketch of his record in the Athletic world. John began his career at Queen's.

Dr. Herbert A. Parkyn, a student of Queen's a few years ago, has been appointed to the chair of psycho-therapeutics, or hypnotism, in the Illinois Medical College, at Chicago. Thus Queen's becomes famous. Congratulations Herl.

Rev. Neil McPherson, B. A., of Petrolia, has declined the call to Knox Church, Guelph.

R. P. Byers, B.A., is still at Princeton.

We are sorry to learn that J. E. Smith, '93, now at Little Current, has been ill. We hope that by this time he has recovered.

Rev. W. H. Davis, Germantown, Pa., writes us saying that he still follows the course of good old Queen's with interest.

To Rev. Ernest Thomas and wife, of Valleyfield, Que.—a son. The name is likely to be Aristotle Schopenhauer Schleiermacher Thomas.

It is with regret that we learn of the bereavement sustained by K. J. McDonald in the death of his brother, and we voice the sympathy of Kenney's many student friends.

Member A. of "John St." Belleville—"That was a grand sermon! It was wonderful! The best I ever heard!"

Member B., whose attendance is necessarily irregular—"What was it about?"

Member A.—"Oh, I can't tell you. It was so learned I could not understand it."

Notwithstanding the above we are informed that T. J. is giving "the best satisfaction as pastor of John Street Church."

## EXCHANGES.

THE *Argosy* from Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B., sails into our port once a month, and drops anchor among the craft from various intellectual shipping points. Its shipping list is signed "Eurhetorician Society," a name which ought to serve for both ballast and anchor as well. The captain is John E. Peters, '96; and his first mate (in a nautical sense) is Miss Bessie Alexander, '96; A. S. Rogers, '97 is purser, and S. D. Scott, M. A., keeps the log.

The editorial page comprises short dissertations on the death of three well known men, and on the Rontgen discovery, besides others of local interest. The contributed articles, considering the size of the *Argosy*, are numerous, and on the whole creditable. They are, "Johnson's Dictionary," suggested by a lecture of Mr. De Soyre's, whose genial countenance and broad culture are familiar to students of Queen's; "The National Spirit of Canadian Poetry;" "Keats," and "Home and Responsible Government in Nova Scotia." College News is not neglected, and the ladies contribute a page of notes of their own. Three pages of personals and two of wit and humour under the heading Sackvilliana, (where the more appropriate heading for most of it would be ours) complete the cargo for February.

The *Varsity* comes to hand weekly in an attractive cover, and well printed throughout; but owing to the number of college societies, etc., its contents

are mainly of local interest. The issue of March 4th, however, contains a very chatty letter from Mr. Tucker, last year's editor, now of Stanford University, Palo Alto, California. His remarks are of interest to all other Canadian students as well as those of his Alma Mater. A short comparison of Vaughn's *Retreat* with Wordsworth's *Ode to Immortality*, completes the number of contributed articles and the rest of the number, excluding one page of matter, is devoted to University interests. The approaching literary society elections are the prevailing topics, and furnish material for the leading editorial, which is about as full of information to an outsider as a free-mason's exposition of the secrets of his order would be to the uninitiated. We gather, however, that the membership of the "Lit," as it is familiarly called, are now in training for their annual "scrap." Last year's *Varsity* staff reports a surplus of \$2.00. We trust that the management this year will be as successful.

## DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE following is a shortened report of a very exciting event which occurred in Watertown: F. M. Hugo, of the law office of Purcell & Carlisle, is a native of Canada, and will brook no adverse criticism upon his native country and the flag that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."

G. W. Reeves, another law student, in a well-worded communication, challenged Mr. Hugo to an encounter in the fistic arena, declaring that "the country of the Union Jack never raised a pugilist who could fight, and that Canada never raised anything but timber."

Mr. Hugo accepted the challenge, saying: "I have great respect for the Stars and Stripes, but if it has no better representative than the rail splitter from Pamela, terror though he be, the Schomburgh line would be drawn across the isthmus of Panama."

### ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Articles of agreement entered into this 19th day of Feb., 1896, between G. W. Reeves, the Pamela terror, and F. M. Hugo, the Pembroke clam-opener:

Whereas, the terror holds the county championship and the clam-opener holds the champion belt, and the terror is anxious to deprive the clam-opener of his belt "vi manuum" and has challenged him to mortal combat with the terrible cestus.

Now, therefore, the terror and the clam-opener for themselves, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, covenant and agree each with the other to combat for ten rounds of 3 min. each and it is agreed that no news venders, policemen, pinkerton detectives or salvation army officers be present.

The "mill" occurred in the office of T. F. Kearns who was then ill in bed.

When time was called, each toed the mark with a smile and a look of determination on his face.

Reeves was ornamented with a red sweater, white trunks and blue stockings. Hugo wore a red sash above his championship belt.

To the third round they were evenly matched, when the clam-opener landed his terrible right on the terror's left peeper.

In the fourth the terror drew claret from the proboscis of the clam-opener who, however, seemed to have the best of it.

Just then the police appeared and the participants betook themselves to the coal bin.

Prof. in Path.—"In what conditions do you find the large kidney?"

A. E. R.—"Oh! in the large *white* kidney."

W. J. H. P. A.—"Say, why is a kid like a window?"

Currie—"I dunno"

W. J.—"Well, when its *trans*-parent and has a number of pains."

#### MEDICINE AND LOVE.

Me thinkth I have late, i-tolde yow  
About a student of phisik, and how  
In sondry ways his compers he excellede;  
Another fait ne moot not ben withhelde,  
Wherein he sikerly the palm did bere,  
And eek a bryde ful amiable and faire.  
For syns this ilke clerk did com to town,  
To care for ladyes, he was champion;  
And out of dowe he was so al his lyfe,  
For ofte wente he forth with fower or fyfe.  
But unto oon was wonder diligent,  
But in adversite not patient.  
So hote he lovede he cowde no lenger wayte,  
But whanne hire fader, who was somdel streyte,  
He wolde not leet him see hir eny more,  
He holdi bar hir from hire fader doore,  
And levying bokes and scole and native londe,  
Lyk knight erraunt he fledde to ferne stronde.  
Hire fader in pursuit, bret-ful of wrathe,  
Was stoppied by a streem and that was skatehe,  
For menes to passen it were nowhere noon,  
And whyles he waytede ther, the clerk had goon.  
So now 'tis *Amor vincit omnia*,  
That ilke clerk has joyned the M. M. P. A.—G. C.

J. J. to Capt. Guy ("At home" at Dix rink.)  
"Bet soc. you can't skate with a girl." Guy skated  
with two, though none can tell whether for love or  
for money.

Prof.: "The usual number is five to a family.  
Mr. Abr-y, the same!"

Why is it called the funny boue,  
The reasons why are numerous,  
The scientific one is that  
It borders on the humerus.—Ex.

P. E. Gr-h-m (after appearing before the Arts Society commission)—"I told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, but I didn't tell it all."

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